

CRUCIALZINE!

Come on
bro, where
the **hell** is
this party
you were
telling me
about?

Yo! Look at
those freaks!

Just shut
up and
drive!

ISSUE #3
INDIE-
FREE!



COMMUNIQUE:

It really doesn't need to be said, but quite frankly, you holding this issue of CRUCIAL 'ZINE #3 in your grubby mits is probably the coolest thing you are going to do this entire week. You should be siked, because free 'zines don't get much better and **everybody** knows that free shit is the coolest shit ever. Ya dig?

This time around we failed to have a zombie theme, since a lot of other crap we really don't care enough to mention got in the way. Instead, we got some awesome interviews with awesome bands, some guest ranting and guides, along with our eclectic homebrew of hate-mongering, ignorance and serious awesomeness. We're also down for having you submit stuff. We'd like to read your rants, your guides to awesomeness and marvel at your pictures of bands and kids going off. Get in touch if you want to see your name printed in here.

Apart from being able to download all issues of CRUCIAL 'ZINE in sexy .pdf, you can also stream it on issuu.com. We've even picked the right template so it even looks like the real thing, only like it's printed on fancy glossy paper. I know, how fucking crazy is that? Next issue will be out September time, so until then...


KEEP CRUCIAL!

- TEAM CRUCIAL

crucialzine.blogspot.com / myspace.com/crucialzine

PS: Say hello to Iain and Nancy if you bump into them in Portugal.

THANKS: YOU, Catriona, Gabriel, Helena, Ian, Jason, Raphael and everyone who helped out, Last Gang In Town, Mild Peril, all the weirdos that make it to the local shows and WSM Worldwide. Tequila shots on us.



stage-dive for unity.

sam russo

paul barnes



man on the moon / cambridge
12.05.09 / all photos by helena barker

joe tilson

laila k



more cross words for the kids!

NYHC Word Search : Find 40 Bands diagonally, horizontally and vertically.

S I D E B Y S I D E J C A U S E F O R A L A R M H
A C B E A S T I E B O Y S N E R E I Q N A U S E A
J U D G E T K O G X C O T N G M A Z R T H E M O B
E B U R N H V R R O H O O O I C K W L A C W R M S
A K A S F E C O A C R Z L T K C R L D E T K H A T
B A G H A S R R Y U R I G D A E A O I E H E Y X R
S L N E B T K S O A T N L T F T N P M T A A U I A
O L O E R I P S W W I M T L I R N E U A D L R M I
L O S R E M N T W L N A U F A I O O N O G M B U G
U U T T A U W Y L O T O O R T B Y N T T G S A M H
T T I E K L M I H R R K F S P N I F T O R Y N P T
I W C R D A K A A O C N E T A H O S D R A Y W E A
O A F R O T O E D I O R E G H H Y R C W R T A N H
N R R O W O H I S B U D A N T O E S E U A C S A E
Z K O R N R B O L D A E S U E D R E L X I M T L A
B H N R E S L L N C R L O N N M L N S A S T E T D
Y W T K R A K D O W N Y L U D B Y N Z D W S S Y A

C.K. HOTEL

SAI

FROM THE STREETS

ITTERS

Across

1. Politics is...
5. G.W. Bush is...
7. Communists are...
10. Corporate rock is...
11. Osama Bin Laden is...
14. Ian Armstrong is a...
15. Rupert Murdoch is a...
17. God is a...
21. All cops are...
24. Tom from Myspace is an...
25. Donald Rumsfeld is a...
26. Metallica have always been...
27. Satan is a...
28. Racist skinheads are...
29. Adolf Hitler was an...

Down

2. Tony Blair is a...
3. Jesus was a...
4. John Wayne was a...
6. The Exploited are a fucking...
8. Jerry Garcia is fucking...
9. Morrissey is a...
11. Christian Vikerness is a...
12. Soldiers are...
13. John Romero is a...
16. Eminem is a...
18. Heroin is for...
19. Rancid really are...
20. Tom Cruise is...
22. Gallows are...
23. Politicians are...

ES. JULY

GUEST COMMENTARY

If you say "fuck corporate punk" and then sell your CDs for £11 at shows, you're a cunt. If you're that bloke from the Run with Billy Talent and Good Charlotte painted on your jacket, you're a cunt. If you think you're more "punk" than someone because your mohawk's longer and have more tattoos, you're a cunt. If you ask people to name songs by the band that's on their t-shirt and then think they're a poser 'cos they can't name 50, you're a cunt. If you think a guilty pleasure is listening to Rancid or the Distillers, you're a cunt. If you spend 2 hours in the mirror doing your hair and then don't even dance at shows, you're a cunt. Actually, if you spend 2 hours in the mirror, you're just a cunt. If you're John Robb or a member of the King Blues, you're a cunt. If you listen to Goldblade or the King Blues, you're a cunt. If you use fists in the pit (Casper!), you're a cunt. If you're white and sing "Jah Rastafari" seriously in a band, you're a cunt (Johnny One Lung). If you're not a girl and under 35 and don't dance at shows you've paid to get into, you're a cunt. If someone smashes your £20 bottle of rum and you don't get pissed off, you're a cunt. If you own a pub and charge £180 to put on a gig, you're a cunt. If you have 2 rollies left and ask someone for a fag 'cos you want to save them for later, you're a cunt. If you sit next to me on a bus when all the other seats are empty, you're a cunt. If you are vegan, you're a cunt. If you read this and disagree with me, you are a cunt!



This fine young man is going to get mad laid, just because he contributed to CRUCIAL 'ZINE. Do you want the Mosh Gods to shine on you and give you strength for that extra awesome breakdown? Get in touch with us then...

GABBATRON 3000



12 CHAMPIONSHIPS AND 5 CUPS

127 GOALS IN 341 GAMES

13 YEARS OF AWESOMENESS

THIS IS...

Predrag Djordjevic



Predrag Djordjevic comes from Kragujevac in Serbia. He began his football career as a left-wing midfielder in 1990 for the local team, before joining Red Star Belgrade in 1991 and subsequently loaned to Spartak Subotica. In 1993 he signed to Greek Third Division side Paniliakos, where he became the star of the team and helped his side get to the premier league three years later. In 1996, along with fellow team-player Stelios Giannakopoulos, he moved to Olympiacos FC.



The Serbian, nicknamed Djole, became known as Olympiacos' dead-ball specialist, principal penalty taker and de-facto leader. He made his debut with the national team of Serbia in 1998, where he befriended future team-mate Darko Kovacevic. He is regarded as one of the finest foreign football players to ever play in the Greek league, having won the most amount of championships than any other player in the history of the league. On the 30th of May 2009, Djordjevic announced his retirement, signaling the end of the most successful era in the history of Olympiacos. Thank you for everything.

"IT'S I.C.H. O' CLOCK!"



That usually means it's time to head to the Man On The Moon, get drunk, remove your shirt and proceed to dance with the horde of sweaty, swarming masses of drunken punks to the sounds of Colchester's favourite dreadlocked punks. Many thanks to Ed for answering all of our questions in under a day. If I were you, I would roll up a fattie, insert the 'You Won't Like It' CD in your player, press play, spark up and sit back. It's fucking I.C.H. o' clock bitches! Q's: Team Crucial A's: Ed Pics: the INTERNET.

- Bit of a lame question but what does ICH stand for?

Officially- Ice Cream Headache.

But personally I prefer-

- Institute of Child Healthcare
 - International Conference of Harmonisation
 - I Cook Hedgehogs
- or on a more V.D influenced level - Itchy Cock Hole



get this record.

So what did happen to the other 2.5 tracks missing from you wont like it, surely more ICH would make the world a better place?

The half a track was going to be a twelve (Well... ten actually, none of us can count) bar blues riff, with all of us shouting "JAMIE IS A GAYLORD" over and over again, over it. Kind of like Sex and Violence by the Exploited, only different. We were going to use it as a hidden track on the album to surprise Jamie (Abusing the drummer always was a big part of our live show!) but we ran out of time, and never put the vocals on it, so it just fell by the wayside. The two were two really old I.C.H tunes (Diggidy Diggidy Blunk and Don't You Hate it When That Happens), To be honest, they just weren't very good tracks. They sound like they were written by a fourteen year old. Which they probably were. Crucial Dom should have the copies that I e-mailed to him by now, and I'm sure that he'll agree that they were both a bit rubbish and wouldn't have fitted very well with the rest of it. If not he can start hawking it around as a bootleg I.C.H Single.

- What are your favourite venues to see a band and to play at yourselves?

There's nothing like seeing a great band in a tiny grotty little venue. It's probably a bit of an obvious answer, but I do have love for the Man on the Moon in Cambridge. It's like a home from home for I.C.H. For anyone that hasn't been there, it's a small black back room, it's dirty and brilliant. You can get right up close to the bands which makes for some really blinding gigs, and there's none of the barriers, or security staff which you tend to get at bigger venues to ruin your fun. Also check out Sawyers in Kettering, and the Steamboat in Ipswich. Both of whom put on good gigs.

- How do things work out with some of you being in other bands/solo projects?

It's proved to be a bit of a cunt in the past, but we've got an on-line calendar which all gigs get listed on so it's less likely that double bookings can occur. Basically we run it on a first come first served basis.

- Which of your awesome shows stand out to you, like "yeah we fucking owned shit tonight" or performing with a particular band?

We've had quite a few good ones now. In my mind the main stand out show was the one at The Moon when we supported Deadline shortly before Jamoe left to seek his fortune in warmer climates. The place went boooo, and as far as I can remember, we played a pretty good show. There are photos from that night up on our myspace. I always meant to try to get the video footage of that from the moon, but I never got round to it. I'd imagine it's long lost by now!

- Any idea why is it considered necessary to nail down the lid of a coffin? Fear of zombie invasion?

I'd imagine that it's so that the pall bearers don't get brained by the lid of the coffin falling off as they carry it into the church. If they did there'd be a funeral for every funeral that happened. Just a guess!

- What would u like to do with all the wanna be Goths and 8-year-olds in Slipknot tops?

I'd like to find out what they're rebelling against. I have nothing against them, I just think that it helps if you know why you do the things that you do. There is a fuck of a lot to rebel against in the world, but when you're eight you don't know the half of it. I was listening to Queen and Phil Collins at that age.

- How did you guys playing the strawberry fair come about? Is the fair something you're down with or did it just look like it'd be a laugh?

I've been attending the fair for a long long time, so it was a real honour to get to play at it. The Last Gang in Town arranged it for us, for which I am most grateful. We had the King Blues supporting us!!! Owzat! It was Awesome. We'd love to do it again sometime.

- Why don't you write more groovy mosh parts in your songs? You know, the kind where you do that 'pick up the change from the floor' mosh, where you could easily bust a rap or breakdance to. Good times... So yeah, why don't you write more groovy mosh parts in your songs?

It's a fair question. I guess that we had more of a moshing groove in Big Yellow Taxi (Not that one!). I always wanted to do more of that sort of thing, but every time I try it it just comes out as that big yellow break. I guess I'm stuck in a rut. I'll have to try harder!

- You play Cambridge regularly enough that I guess a lot of kids consider you a 'local' band. What's Colchester like? How does it compare to Cambridge?

The scene in Colchester is receptive to Ska, and happy music you can dance to, but less receptive to the noisy noisy punk rock (Apart from the Niceboys who love it, and we love them for that). Or at least that's the way it seems to me. **PROVE ME WRONG COLCHESTER. THIS IS A CHALLENGE!**

- Y'all have massive dreads, so I'm going on a limb here and assuming you guys are/were into a bit of pot. Tell us some funny stories about being stoned off your faces and being in public. Do you guys perform stoned? I performed drunk once and it was fucking horrendous, I couldn't remember any lyrics or be fucked to do angry faces (this was a **HARDCORE** band by the way, and there's nothing worse than a hardcore band that isn't remotely lively).

Ha! Yeah, we have a hard job doing anything with out a little courage from the Dutch!! I was fired from my last job and have been unemployed since September. I like to think that there is no direct correlation between the two.

- I tend to think that marijuana will never be legalised since it's easier for governments to allow black markets to flourish and beat down on pot smokers whenever they need to pretend they are fighting crime for elections. How do you envisage a legalised state of marijuana though? Will London become a new Amsterdam (I hear you can now get handjob from strippers in the UK)?

At present I don't 'envisage a legalised state for marijuana'. As you say, a kid with a ten bag of puff is still an arrest that counts towards the police brownie points system. They'll always arrest the lowest common denominator criminals because they're the easiest to catch, and legalising hash would take a whole load of lowest common denominator criminals out of the loop. Plus, it's a nice easy way to lock up any free thinkers and heretics who like to dabble a little. Look at the hippy and punk movements, all the good ideas that came out of them were undermined by the drugs that went hand in hand with the culture.



- Every stoner worth their salt (i.e. one who regularly buys his own weed) has their own horror about almost being caught by the police/CIA/aliens/Ze Germans' with a massive amount of pot on them. What's yours?

O.k... One of many. There were four Dreadlocks sat in a car in the Man on the Moon Carpark. The Dreadlock in the passenger seat had just built a booner, and was about to spark up when one of the dreadlocks in the back said "Is that a Policeman?" We all took it as a joke and the booner was lit. Then there was a tap at the drivers side window, we looked up to see a high vis jacket stood there. Oh dear... The Police man asked the Dreadlock sat in The drivers seat

"Is this your car" to which he replied

"It is"

"Have you been driving it this evening"

"Not since I arrived here a couple of hours ago"

"We've been looking for a car like this, can you prove that?"

"Feel the bonnet. It'll be cold."

He did. The car stunk of skunk. The dreadlock in the passenger seat had turned white and started sweating. He was awaiting a court hearing for cultivation and production and believed that he was going to jail without passing go or collecting two hundred pounds.

"Give me your weed" Said dreadlock in the drivers seat. Dreadlock in passenger seat didn't move.

"Give me your weed" said driver dread again this time more urgently. The Policeman was turning round and coming back to the drivers window by now. Passenger dreadlock unclenched his fingers and driver dread took the bag.

"Well, it smells a little bit funny round here" Said the policeman "do any of you have any funny stuff?"

"Yes I do" Said driver dreadlock and handed him the bag of weed out of the window. The policeman looked a little taken aback, clearly not used in any way to this kind of co-operation.

"O.K sir, please step out of the car." which the dreadlock in the drivers seat duly did. At this point the Policeman took the bag over to his colleague (A fairly young looking police woman) and they had a little chat. We'd confused them. I like that!

A few minutes later he came back.

"Right" he said "I'm going to give this back to you"

"Really?"

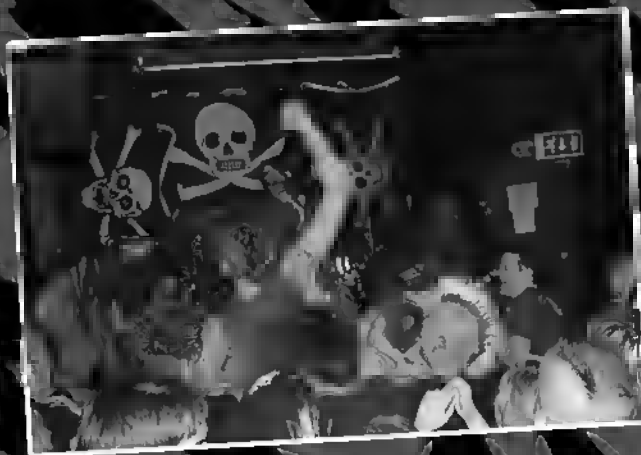
"Yes, but If I catch you driving around tonight I will arrest you. O.K"

"No Problem, I'll stay at Female dreadlocks house (She was the other dread in the back)

"Good Good, you run along now"

and with that the police car shot off up the road with the lights flashing and the sirens roaring. Leaving passenger dread to regain his colour and empty his bowels. He gave the bag of weed to driver dread as a medal for valour in the field of duty.

WE FUCKING GOT AWAY WITH IT!!!!



- I recently read Ian Glasper's book on the 1980s Anarchopunk scene and I was a bit disappointed that seemingly 90% of band members were like 'yeah, anarchy was cool back then, but nowadays I'm more chill'. Is anarchy more to punk than just a cool yet predictable song topic?

The Day the Country Died? I found it to be an interesting and informative read. But you are right about the amount of them who made a complete about turn in their ideals. From smash the state too a two up two down maisonette in surrey. If you watch the D.V.D the contradictions are all the more evident. The thing about anarchy is that it's an unworkable ideal, because there will always be leaders and followers, that's just human nature. Crass and Chumbawamba seemed to be the only ones really living the way they spoke about in their music.

- I liked the 'fuckcoldplay' label. What other bands do you think are utter douche bags?

You can pretty much use a pin and a copy of the N.M.E to answer this question. I like to think of Coldplay as a kind of umbrella band which covers all the abominable shit that comes out of the radios in factories all over the country, and I fucking hate the tingings. Cunts!

- Do you ever feel that you are preaching to the converted or the apathetic? Is it possible to affect people's actions outside a gig venue?

I don't exactly feel like I'm preaching. I write songs then sing them. if people agree with or relate to what I say in songs then all well and good. If not they can just ignore me. It probably is possible to affect peoples actions outside of gigs, I don't know I've never really tried. I'm very much a believer that you should just do what you like to do, and say what you believe. Life is not all about changing other peoples views. the world would be a very dull place if we all believed the same thing.

- Now, back to my previous question, why don't you have more MOSH parts in your songs? Why don't you try to sound more like Youth Of Today?

I'll have a little listen to youth of today and try to do something about it, I promise. We have got a metal track in 3/4 about the Police taking drugs. I want some songs you can pogo to too. No -one pogos any more!

Quick Fire:

1. End hatred or hunger? - Hunger, Hatred is a passion at least.
2. bong, pipe, joint or vaporiser? - I do Buckets!
3. Jedi or superhero of your choice? Powdered toast man! I have the superpower of stopping things from opening (Car boots, C.D drives you name it) it's a really rubbish superpower though.
4. Tits or ass? - I have to choose??? I wouldn't want a woman without either.
5. Clubs or pubs - Pubs every time.
6. BA Baracus or Clubber Lang? BA Clearly... what is your obsession with Rocky?
7. Beer or cider? - Cider (Predictably!)
8. trampled in a circle pit or stage dive gone bad?- I managed to dislocate my thumb without the aid of either at the Carter U.S.M gig last year!
9. Who would win in a fight, John Rambo or Rocky Balboa? - You can't pit Stallone against Stallone, it's just too strange!

Cheers to Crucial Zine for taking the time to send me some questions! Ed

BUY THE I.C.H.ALBUM FROM HERE: www.myspace.com/ichcolchesterpunx
CONTACT ED HERE: Dr.ed@hotmail.co.uk



this is hell / 09.04.09
underworld / london / uk



photos by **jason pang**
preferringtheworst.blogspot.com

bobatron's guide to hating shit

What the FUCK is wrong with record labels and bands not doing shirts in XL anymore? I used to think it was bad 10 years ago when the XXL was restricted to I.C.P. and Metallica fans, but what's up with this body fascist bullshit? Is the average hardcore kid such a fucking girl that he only fits in youth mediums and adult smalls? Sort your fucking shit out and make a shirt that fits me, or I'll carry on downloading your records and heckling your bands.

Has **Rick Ta Life** finally broken his edge and become a fucking coke-fiend? I remember reading some shit on his myspace profiles a couple months back, like a call to arms for knuckleheads to show up with baseball bats, knives and guns at a BENEFIT show to sort out some beef. Homeboy was ranting like some sorta cracked-out wigger about being ripped off by Black N' Blue or some other promoter. Are you fucking serious? If you want to pretend you are some fucking thug-life gangsta, when can we expect you to get shot in the dick by some other clueless idiot who thinks that hardcore is about flexing your fucking muscles and beating down on homosexuals and immigrants? What a way to shit on any credibility you might have had. Rick Ta Life never ceases to amaze me.



fig.1: What's the matter with you?

fig.2: Rick Ta Life on a horse

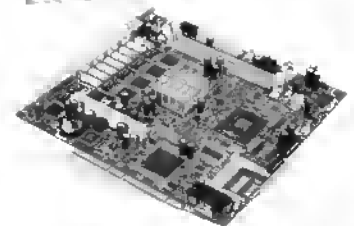


fig.3: Obsolete bullshit

The **Intel 945GM** 'graphics' card is a fucking waste of plastic and copper. What a fucking piece of shit. I can barely run *Half Life 2*, a five-year-old game, with it, yet it amazes me that new laptops still come with this shit. It's like the equivalent of 'tricking out' KITT with wooden wheels.

Obama-mania is the most pathetic thing after being a neo-Nazi. What the fuck is wrong with you? Do you really expect a fucking Democrat with dubious political history to have the balls to go against the tradition of fucking over the world and pleasing old money? Don't make me laugh. At best, the current assclown-in-chief will be another Clinton, so just wait for the TV announcement when he bites his lower lip and pretends he is going to bomb the shit out of some random ass country 'for their own good' and 'for democracy'. At worst, some redneck will pop a cap in him and he'll become a fucking Kennedy, to be remembered as some sort of jazz-cool political saint. Open your fucking eyes. Nothing will fucking change so long as you keep on limiting yourself to the same two or three fucking 'choices' every four years. No gods and no masters, right? RIGHT.

I remember when **bulletins** got spammed to shit on Myspace, with stupid questionnaires along the lines of 'what is your favourite color lol!' and 'do you regret anything' kinda shit. Sure, it was fun for about half a minute to laugh at all the contrived and cliched pseudo-emo bullshit kids with too much time allocated for their hairstyles come up with. Myspace died the fuck out (only CRUCIAL ZINE keeps it going). Now Facebook is full of the same bullshit questionnaires... in the form of tests and quizzes. So now you can get spammed with the same amount of crap, or more so. Ever noticed how you get a load of losers advertising their sexual prowess, emotional stability and made up awesomeness? Yeah, it tends to be people who you don't want to fuck, hang out with or talk to about anything important. The only test worth taking involves two people, one knife and one escape pod. You do the math.

DON'T QUIT YOUR DAY JOB...

Ever noticed how crap it is when musicians attempt to do something outside of music? Like how cringe-worthy are movies with rock stars tend to be [apart from Marky Mark and his brothers]? It's no surprise then that **actors trying to do music** usually SUCKS ASS too. Here is a quick run-through of some assholes who're attending week-long coke rodeos to realise how shit they are:

- Juliette Lewis and the Licks: Remember how she *kinda* looked hot in Natural Born Killers and Dusk Till Dawn? Yeah, that was classy. Now you can watch her do the stupid dance Uma Thurman did with Travolta in Pulp Fiction over and over again to the tune of a scratched up Killers CD. She's also a fucking SCIENTOLOGIST, if that's not reason enough to never take anything serious that comes out of her mouth again (not including my sperm). How a dude from H2O was involved with this is beyond me.

- Jared Leto and 30 Seconds To Mars: This watered down emo/indie/crap is the aural equivalent of shooting up lots of bad heroin in an infected vein and then have said arm chopped off in prison before your ass get thrown about amongst hardened sex offenders/serial killers serving a minimum of three life sentences each.

- Shaquille O'Neal: What a fucking joke. I'd rather listen to a fucking WWE wrestler rap over this shit. He might still get paid at the age of 83 to play ball in the NBA, but next time he picks up a mic, I'm expecting the East/West coast fude to resolve itself once and for all by busting a cap in him. And Steve-O.

- Keanu Reeves and Dogstar: It's only fitting that he would play bass in a shitty boring grunge band that is surprisingly less moving than his acting skills.

- Billy Bob Thornton and that band of his: Apart from the fact that he's more one-dimensional than a straight line, he also spectacularly managed to CHEAT on Angelina Jolie on tour with this trainwreck of a band. I mean, DUDE; REALLY? I can't imagine what sort of inbred white trash disease-ridden sorry-excuse-for-a-vagina he scored with this shit.

- Russell Crowe and his stupid fucking band: I might have respected him if he was in a white power skinhead band or something just as crazy, but no, he plays a fucking guitar as if he grew up in some fucking ghetto in middle America or something. And just to maintain that reputation of him being a dick, this music of his doesn't rock in the slightest and might make you violent towards people who don't deserve it.

- Scarlett Johansson: Let's set the fucking record straight: She is NOT fit. She looks like a waaaaaay blander Kate Moss, so if you are into pretentious coked-up waffer-thin expressionless chicks, you might enjoy her pretentious coked-up waffer-thin expressionless music too. However, even if you've snorted the highest possible quality of Colombian Marching Powder, you are being blown by twins on a rocket ship to Mars, you will be utterly utterly depressed when the next song comes on and is miraculously more horrible than the last one.

Skate Spot Liberation!

Skateboarders, rollerblades, BMXers alike, we've all seen them. Disfigurements on the urban landscape designed to ruin our fun. Yep, I'm talking about skatestoppers, ugly lumps of metal attached to rails and ledges to stop us grinding, them, to 'protect' them. If you find these attached to your favourite ledge, you're pretty much fucked. Removing them will end up leaving the ledge unskateable anyway. With handrails it's a different story though, fear not, if you willing to put the work, they can be fixed because as the rail is made of metal to begin with they can be cut straight off. This will take planning however as no two skate spots are ever the same. Follow these steps and you should riding your favourite handrails again reeeeeal soon.

1. The first step is a reconnaissance mission. First scope out the physical requirements of the job. Count the total number of stoppers (or caps or knobs or whatever you wanna call them) and guesstimate how thick they are. Also take careful note of what kind of metal you are dealing with. Second, check out what kind of defences this skate spot has, this mainly means security guards, but also police or nosy neighbours looking for something to moan about. Work out what times of day or week or holidays they may not be around, or will be asleep or may be fewer in number. Look out for CCTV and where they cover.



fig.1: A fucking skate hazard to be sorted.



fig.2: Scouting for skate spots on Somalian beach

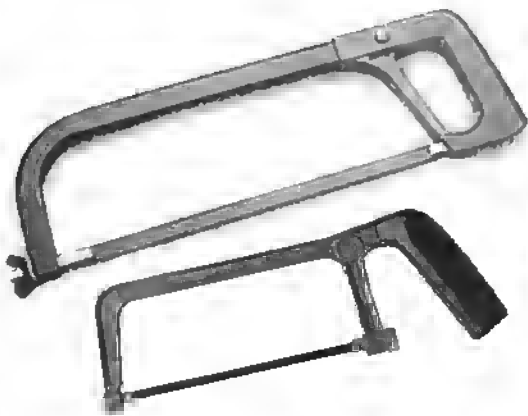


fig.3: Hacksaw Jim Duggan's favourite hacksaws

2. The next step is to obtain supplies for the mission. Make a trip to your local hardware store and tell them what you need to cut through and which kind of hacksaw blades you'll need to do so. Don't tell them why, they don't care, they just want your sale, its their job to inform you as best they can. I urge you at this point to support a local independent store, if you can't and have to go to a chain store, consider coming back and stealing what you need later if you feel you can safely get away with it. Files may also be useful to smooth things down afterwards also.

3. Have a practice on a piece of similar metal. This way you can work out how long its going to take you to get through all the stoppers you are going to need to. Then work how many people you need to get through them all in the time you have available when no one is going to be around.



fig.4: Don't cut your fucking fingers off!!

4. Now you've assembled your tools, planned your timing and assembled a large enough crew for the job, do it! I always urge the use of hoodies to protect your identity, and this is a prime example of a good time to use them. Be quiet when your doing this and have an escape route. Resist the temptation to do this while drunk or high, it will only slow you down.



fig.5: Tool up and head out!



fig.6: Follow up your skating session with a cocktail!

5. Enjoy your rail! You've reclaimed, its part of your environment, express yourself with it as you will. Also a quick not on chained rails. Some cheapass companies rather than having proper stoppers added to rails just padlock a chain around them. The solution to this is simple. Acquire a large set of bolt cutters from somewhere and remove the lock. Apply your own. Now whenever you want to skate it, come along and unlock, have a session, then reapply when you're done and no one will be any the wiser!

**NAZIS
AREN'T
COOL..**



**CRUCIAL
ZINE IS.**



TOTAL
POSEUR



Dom's World Tour of Crucial

Episode one: DEEZ NUTS-EVELYN HOTEL (MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA)

Now being the crucial mother fuckers we are, CZ were in Melbourne, Australia (well one of us) at the same time as Deez nuts were on their "stay true" tour. I went on down to the Evelyn hotel, Brunswick street (www.theevelyn.com.au) with one crucial Aussie by the name of Hayden Watt. Line up for the night was No way out, Sun Tzu, a random dude who i never heard of called Louie Knuxx and of course Deez Nuts. The biggest surprise being Louie knuxx, a random hip hop artist from Auckland New Zealand.

Being my first time in Melbourne and even while I was with a local we arrived late enough to miss No Way Out, not the most crucial start to an evening... or perhaps the most crucial? One thing i did notice was the ridiculous time it took them to sound check and sort stuff in between each band, I mean I know it's Australia and I guess they may do a sound check at the end of the night but seriously; what is there to do but plug in your guitar and distortion pedal, pump that amp up to 11 and start playing some mad chugging riffs while you watch the kids take part in a stage dive high five with the nearest drunk, which is probably going to be Shortround? Sun Tzu (being the first band for us at least) set the mood for the night. Although the tunes and band were pretty tight, the lead singer just came off as a dick, trying to be too hardcore and just failing. Just because you wear a Hatebreed B-ball jersey and try and axe kick the crowd in the face doesn't make you brutal (Crucial Zine BBall jersey..?) The best bit of their set was watching the 5-man mosh pit throwing round house kicks at each other and windmilling so hard that im sure I saw a couple separate a shoulder. One of the most entertaining parts of the night was the typical little goth/emo kid who looked to be on the verge of a chunda (probably on snake bite black or being in Aus it may have been Bundi and coke). In fact im sure this kid is the basis of "fanboy anatomy" found in Sonic Dice and Crucial Zine #2.

Louie Knuxx was a real surprise as I'd never heard of this guy, shocking I know as he's from Auckland, New Zealand. He was pretty thuggish but still had some comical lyrics. For some reason homeboy had a scarf wrapped around one of his arms which he wouldn't let go of, someone in the crowd grabbed it or tried stealing it but was met with a verbal bashing by Louie Knuckles and considering his name thats quite a peaceful result. There was another dude on stage offering come considering his name thats quite a peaceful result. I forgotten his name but I do remember him playing a crucial "ayy" and "ye wha" for backing vocals. By the time Deez Nuts actually came on stage and started an epic set, I was pretty tanked and the crowd had turned up and filled the entire venue. It was a truly brutal set with quite an epic pit but much like the Camden Underworld with pillars on the dancefloor, which are always a joy to fall into. One thing I could not fault in any way was the merch stand: Yeah, it was in Aus dollars but seriously \$25 for a CD and a tee which i believes works out at roughly £12 and im sure to the delight of Bobatron they had plenty of stock in XL and bigger.



Bro-ing down with tiger before the show.



Dom is in this crowd, somewhere.

WERE REASON ENOUGH

DRUNK

Me First
gimme gimmes

TO GET HORRIBLY

KOKO'S / LONDON
7TH OF JUNE 2009

words: bobatron

So this year I've somehow made it to catch up on crossing off the 1990s Fat Wreck Alumni from my 'To See Live' list in the space of two months. Propagandhi, Snuff and NOFX were on earlier on the year, now the Gimme Gimmes, all I need now is to catch Strung Out some time soon.

We made it down to London around 5 and promptly hit the World's End pub for some drinks and what, according to Helena, is the awesomest Thai Green Curry. Dom didn't seem that impressed. I opted for the tried and tested cheeseburger so as to no upset my stomach demons with any flavour. I clocked a bottle of Goldschlager and with very very little encouragement from Fil, I bought a round of shots. It's like blinged out Aftershock. A few JD's later and I was pretty much bankrupt, so I hassled everybody about getting to the venue just down the road.

We stumbled down the road, got inside and caught the last couple songs of the first support band. They were fucking horrible. They were a trio with some chick singer/guitarist and played some pretty fucking lame power pop punk crap that hasn't been interesting since 1998. I decided to go to the bar and ask for a Mojito, since watching the Gimme Gimmes requires you to be tanked up on cocktails. I was laughed away. The selection on offer was cans of crap beer and overpriced sprits, all in a plastic cup. Uhhh... JD and Coke it is.

Useless ID came on shortly afterwards, whom I vaguely remember from a split with the Ataris (and a couple Kung Fu compilations) I bought waaaaay back, when I believed Fat Mike to be infallible when he said that the Ataris were his favourite band. Boy was he fucking wrong on that one. Anyway, much to my disappointment, Useless ID did not collectively look like Eric Melvin, but rather like any other fucking skate/punk band that decided to 'keep up with the times' and go completely fucking commercial, punk pop style. Like Millencolin. We stood near the back rather uncomfortably for a few songs before we all headed out for a cigarette and some fresh air that wasn't polluted by crap music. About 30 seconds later we were on our way to a bar down the road.

We got to the bar and to our amazement they had a cocktail menu! Not even that, but they were a lot cheaper than the overpriced beer and sprits we had down the World's End! If only we got down there sooner, and I wouldn't have bankrupted myself. I started off with something called 'Tropical Illusion', since their mint leaves were pretty dead, according to the bar-maid, so no Mojitos. I had another couple cocktails and was beginning to feel the pressure around me becoming denser. Happy times. Everybody pretty much went from 'eh, not that bothered' to 'fuck me, let's go have some fun' in the space of three brightly-coloured cocktails.

We stumbled back to Koko's, moments before The Gimme Gimmes got on stage. We got pretty close up front and as soon as Joey and Spike came on stage, the kids were starting to go off. I abandoned everyone and got straight into the pit for some righteous fingerpointing action and fist-waving. I have no idea what songs they played, or what order, but I remember shaking my fist a lot for 'Over the Rainbow' in the pit (complete with a full-on 'youth crew '87' facial expression) and singing along to 'Rocket Man' and 'Me and Julio down by the schoolyard'. They played a bunch of songs I didn't know (nor the originals), but everybody else seemed to be into it. At some point I got tripped over and had a bunch of people collapse on top of me, but thanks to all that pre-gig boozing I didn't feel a thing. I was propped up by some really skinny-looking kids, whom I high-fived, and got back into it for a few more songs. Half-way through the set, the booze caught up with my tiredness and I made myself upstairs right above the soundbooth, before stopping at the bar for a plastic cup of crap lager. View was awesome.

I was bummed out by the distinct lack of merch. Hell, there weren't even any sketchy people selling bootleg shirts outside. Nevertheless, I picked up a CD of a hardcore project Useless ID used to do that I've not yet listened to. Cover looks very CapDown-ish. Show ended and we walked back to the tube station and made it on the last train back to Cambridge. The ride was uneventful, until my right headphone decided to die on me. Possibly tonight's only fail, it made listening to George Carlin records a fucking nightmare. Eh.

HOW TO...

organise

a show

So all I hear these days is people complaining about how there are never enough punk shows on in Cambridge (or as Bob pointed out, more specifically - Hardcore shows). Yeah... we get our monthly Last Gang in Town punk fix, and our more US/melodic/Gainesville style stuff comes from ababoonsass (DS, not literally a baboon's ass of course). I only get to do shows in the holidays and Street Rat/Overload do the occasional show while Viva la Punk are doing free monthly shows. I was talking to Bob, and he said he was thinking of doing a show, but didn't have a clue how to do it. At this point I thought "What if every punk rocker/misfit/Hardcore kid/douchebag in Cambridge knew how to put on a show?". I think the answer is that we'd have a pretty bitchin' punk scene. So without further ado... here is the Raph Walk the Plank guide to putting on your own DIY gig.

Step 1: Getting Started

So you can get started in one of 2 ways:

- a) find a venue and ask what dates their back room is free to hire. or...
- b) find a band you love from further afield/on a booking agency and ask them or their agent if/when they want to play your hometown.

If it's your first DIY show you might be better off going with option a) and booking 4 localish acts who will play for little money, rather than booking a band who are probably on a booking agent and who could potentially lose you lots of money. Although once you get used to promoting, you might prefer option b). Anyway, in Cambridge you have 2 basic options for venues: a) Man On The Moon b) Portland Arms (or if you're being super original you could go for the Zebra or The Legend's Bar). From my experience, shows have always been better organised and less costly at the Portland, but you should make your own mind up as everyone has different opinions/experiences of that.

So, you walk into the Portland Arms (for example) on Chesterton Road, and you say "Hello [insert staff name here] how are you? I'm organising my first punk rock show and I want to put it on here!". At this point, hopefully the member of staff will have a look at the calendar and suggest some dates over the next 1/2/3 months and tell you how much it costs to hire the venue (Portland is normally 80-120 quid, the Moon is more like 180. Also, you ideally want to do it on a Friday or Saturday). Now, talking to the member of staff you should try and narrow it down to a choice of 2 or 3 days. Take note of these dates. If they are super nice they might hold these for you for a few days.

Step 2: Finding/Booking bands

This one can be tricky. If you're going with the all local-ish bands option, they might be bands you've seen/are friends with from Cambridge, Bury or maybe even Norwich. Or maybe you just came across their Myspace and thought they sounded pretty crucial. Anyway, you have several ways of contacting bands, but mainly a) Myspace: everyone hates it but it'll be your best friend for these purposes. Send the bands of your choice a message and ask them if any of your provisional dates suit them or b) At shows. This tends to work a lot better. Bands often ignore their Myspace messages. If you can talk to the band face-to-face at a show, introduce yourself as a local promoter, and exchange phone numbers, this will make the whole process a lot easier for you and the bands. Another time, you might get in touch with a band who tell you to contact their booking agent (more than likely Hidden Talent Booking).

WORD OF WARNING: There are some really good bands on agencies, for obvious reasons (again, plenty on HTB) but tread very carefully. If you book a band with HTB you will be sent a legal contract to sign, and you will probably have to agree to give the band a set amount of money, along with a beer and food rider. More often than not, bands who I've dealt with from Booking Agencies have been shocked at the mountain of fruit juice, beer and clean towels that has greeted them in the back room and have made it clear that it wasn't really necessary. The promoter can't help but feel he's wasted his time/money/effort when this happens. Agency bands will generally not budge on their guarantee even if nobody comes to the show. Yes, it seems unfair that you might have to pay them out of your own pocket, but deal with it, it's the risk you take as a promoter, and life is unfair.

Step 3: Finalising

So you've hunted down your bands via email/phone/gig or whatever and you've agreed on one of the provisional dates with all 3 or 4 of them. Now you return to the venue or give em a call and tell them which date you've decided on and they'll take all the details for your night. This will probs be Bands playing, door time (7.30 works best for me, first band goes on at 8) entry fee (Obviously depends on whose playing, but if it's a local-ish bands' show i'll normally go for 4 quid, sounds way more appealing than a whole fiver!!) Also, sort out a running order with running times and make sure the bands know where the venue is and tell them to arrive at 6pm sharp! It might look something like this:

Band 1: 8-8.30

Band 2: 8.45-9.15

Band 3: 9.30-10

Band 4: 10.15-10.45

It's always a good idea to allow 15 minutes for changeovers between sets, and remember to make sure bands get on and off in time. You don't want to find yourself cutting off the last band early.

Step 4: Kitshare

Awesome! It's gonna happen! But shit, whose gonna bring all the kit in the van? Well firstly you need to find out what each band's exact lineup is so you know who needs what. Normally you'll need 2 (max) guitar amps, a bass amp and a drumkit. Once you know who needs what, find out what each band is willing to bring and if they're willing to share what they bring. Each band will need to at least bring their 'breakables' (this means snare, cymbals, pedals for the drumkit). In an ideal world, one band will bring the drumkit, one will bring 1 guitar amp, one will bring another guitar amp, and one will bring the bass amp. However it more than likely won't work out this perfectly, so just go with the flow and write a list of bands and what kit they're using. This will make sure everyone's got what they need and will help on the night if you need to swap kit on and off the stage. The worst thing that can happen is that you turn up on the night and there's no drumkit for anyone to use.

Step 5: Promoting!

Design a flyer/poster that says whose playing, Date, Venue, Door Tax, Kick-off time. Get say ten pounds worth photocopied for the first batch (you can always get more later) at somewhere like Staples (there's one conveniently next to the portland arms!). Stick em in pubs, clubs, shops and everywhere and anywhere they'll let you. And then don't be afraid to walk up to people who look like they'd be interested and have a chat, and tell em to come along. Create an event on facebook and invite all your friends, post it up on punktastic.com or wereallneighbours.co.uk, send out bulletins on myspace, and last but definately not least, go down to the other shows, support your scene and hand them out there!

Step 6: On the Night

So it's the big night! Youve done your last minute flyering and youre raring to go. Get to the venue nice and early for about 5.30/6pm. The soundman will normally arrive at about 6. Be nice to him because normally he will be a great help for the rest of the night, especially in getting bands on and off on time and making them sound good. Once the bands have loaded in their kit, help the final band on the running order get their stuff on stage for soundcheck. Soundcheck should ideally be done in reverse running order, but it's not the end of the world if one band is late and this can't happen. While the soundchecks are going on, go to the bar and ask for a moneybox, a float, and a pen. Don't panic if people aren't flooding in yet, the night is still young! At around 7.30ish (or as close as possible) set yourself up a table at the door of the function room, and put down your moneybox with your float inside, and pen in hand. When people start coming to the door, say hello, tell them the price and mark their hand after they pay. Extra points for drawing pretty pictures on people's hands and faces. The Straight edge 'X' is a classic. Some bands might have given you a guestlist, but don't give each band more than a 2 person guestlist. Remember, that's 8 people which could be in the region of 40 pound's worth. Don't let em take the piss, you're the boss!

At the end of the night, take the money you need to pay the venue from the moneybox, and then after that, unless anyone had a bigger guarantee because they were coming from farflung ends of the earth, split the money evenly between the bands. If there's plenty to go round take a tenner for yourself but don't get greedy. Remember you're doing it for the love of DIY Punk rock, not for profit. If you find that you didn't make quite enough money, don't worry, everyone, including you, probably had an awesome night. If you need to take 20 quid out of your own pocket so the kids who jumped the train from Bury to play the gig can get back, so be it. You might even make the money back next time round.

Other Tips:

***Make sure you announce it to the rest of the pub/smoking area when each band goes on. Although don't worry too much if you get ignored, people will mostly go in when they hear the band playing from outside.

***Don't take bullshit from people trying to blag their way in for free, unless you know them personally and know that they really are skint. After all, better to have one more person inside the gig than one more standing outside smoking. Especially if it's another promoter who might give you free entry to their gig in return.

***Try and get someone you trust to watch the door while you take a break to watch the band/have a smoke/have a pint. If you are watching the band, encourage moshing/skanking/clapping along/shouting Oi! etc etc. You want all the atmosphere you can get.

***If you promised one band X amount of money because they're coming from the other side of the country/world, stick to it, however much money you're losing (Feel free to bargain a little bit if you're losing HUGE amounts, but ask once then if they say "not really" just leave it). If you don't you'll get a bad rep as a promoter and people won't want to come and play your shows. It's a small scene, and word travels quick.

***When you finalise the night, check first that nobody else (Last Gang in Town, ababoonsass, VLP, Walk the Plank, Street Rat) is putting on a gig the same night. This is general Promoting etiquette, and you'll most likely piss a loada people off if you ignore it.

PUTTING THIS KNOWLEDGE INTO PRACTICE!!

So what are you doing on Sunday, the 5th of July in 2009? 'Getting my ass to the Portland Arms in Cambridge' is what you should be thinking to yourself. Raph has decided to show us simple Crucial folk the ropes on how to put this knowledge to good use. Hell, he is that confident we won't fuck it up that he's doing it on his 20th birthday. Bob will also be 27 that day and Dom will be 23 the day after, so there is a good chance they will all be stinking drunk. Here is your chance to come see us be utter fucking idiots and giggle when we are asked to sort out a guitar head. Hahaha. Fellatio.

Raph has lined up a shit-load of awesome bands from all over the motherfucking UK, in what looks like is going to be the hottest event ever. There are a load of really awesome bands playing, here is the running order that he has devised:

Ed Ache is on from 14.30 to 15:00
From Plan To Progress are on from 15:15-15:45
Beverley Kills are on from 16:00 to 16:30
The Hostiles are on from 16:45-17:15
This Business Is Closed are on from 17:30-18:00
7-Day Conspiracy are on from 18:15-18:45
Anonymous Tip are on from 19:00-19:30
The Living Daylights are on from 19:45-20:15
One Car Pile-Up are on from 20:30-21:00 and
Vanilla Pod will be on from 21:15-22:00
Wonk Unit will slot in there somewhere too!

So come on, don't be the sort of lame Internet nerd that discovered hardcore on mp3s and jacks it to World of Warcraft avatars. Come the fuck out to this joing WALKING PLANK/CRUCIAL ZINE venture. If she goes down smooth, CRUCIAL ZINE will be doing more CRUCIAL shows in the future. Just wait and you fucking see.

\$5.00 ALL AGES!

PYRAMID MATINEE

HIDE YOUR DAUGHTERS AND PINTS! IT'S...

SAM RUSSO

Q's: Team Crucial
P's: Stolen.

This is our second attempt to interviewing Sam. The first time we met up in at the Man On The Moon before a show and got drunk pretty fast. Some dickhead was playing pool with his fat girlfriend within two feet from the tape recorder. Needless to say, it became almost impossible to decipher the slurred ramblings as it was, let alone with the extra commentary of balls breaking and soundchecking from next door. I remember we didn't make any sense by the end of it and we talked about some pretty random shit. I might upload the mp3s if anybody is into that sort of FAIL. In the meantime, feast your eyes on this one! Don't be a fucking lame-ass cheapskate nerdario and make sure you buy this man a pint next time you see him, aiii?

So Sam, why did you decide to go down the acoustic path?

Just the pure fun of it really. I just wrote a few acoustic songs that I played at parties to begin with and I found it really suited my songwriting and it really clicked live too to just be able to be right in the crowd and get everyone round the mike. I've always loved that storyteller take on playing acoustic and I think I just stuck with it because I couldn't stop writing after I got a taste for playing that way live and travelling around.

I recall you were in a few bands prior, how did that work out for you? I also remember you telling us in the last interview that you were into forming a super-band. Is that still happening?

Yeah, I was in a few punk bands, a hardcore band or two and a folky punk duet. They were all so much fun and I still hang out with pretty much all those guys it was always just quite limiting having all those different personalities. I just wanted to tour all the time and people had jobs and school so I just went off on my own basically. I am actually practicing with an accordion player and another guitarist right now and it sounds great. It's real sparse and spare but I think it could be awesome on record to have some slide guitar and a really subtle accordion in the distance somewhere!

You are notorious for performing drunk. What's the most unfortunately-memorable horror story? What's the one that was so awesome, you wish you could remember?

I guess I have a bit of a reputation for that yea...I just like to drink, it's my downfall playing with bands I love because I get so into enjoying their sets I end up hammered and I lose my voice singing along! Touring with Apologies, I Have None was a joke, every night I'd go onstage with my voice shot from all the WOA's and I'd be seeing 3 mike stands from the house show crowds passing me moonshine. Jokers. I just say the dumbest shit man. I listened to too much Blink as a kid. You can't get away with that in Stoke. You get beaten with pool cues. Nice. The times I've woke up with tattoos. I wish I could remember that shit it sounded great. I got told the other day I jokingly held a broken bottle to a guy and jumped into a moving cab. Wish I'd been there.

Have you ever had Dancing Shoes? If not would you like one? (double jack in a Guinness). Every touring band and artist seems to have their own made-up cocktail designed to make you drunk and/or vomit; what's yours?

Ah yeah, dancing shoes. Messy. It hides the Jack so nicely...like a scorpion in silk bed sheets. Mine's called a Billy Bones. It's a half can of Rockstar and a triple bourbon. It's designed too keep you functioning basically. It's a speed party in a glass. But before long you're having panic attacks in car parks and hiding from your friends in cupboards.



Have you seen Johnny Cambridge recently?

I have. He tried to sell me punting last week. Errors: 3

Are you secretly moonlighting by playing Adam Monroe from Heroes?

Yeah man, it's tough leading a double life but if I don't do it, who will?

You've been described as an angrier, wittier Billy Bragg, what do you say to that?

Yeah, that was Mr. Warren Ellis of Transmetropolitan fame. You should check out his column in Wired. It's sick. I was so shocked that he thought so highly of my ep to be honest. I met his wife when I was working in a warehouse and she passed on my demos, next thing I knew Dirty 13 was up on his website and my Myspace crashed! It was nuts. As far as being compared to Billy Bragg goes, it's an honour, especially from Warren but I think maybe he was drunk because let's face it, Bragg owns.

Can we expect a Sam Russo LP any time soon?

Yeah, you can! I'm currently working on the last few tracks. It has a story to it which is slowly unraveling so yea it just takes time really. I'm talking to some really amazing labels too. It's really important to me that it comes out just right so it's slow going and I'm enjoying taking the time, a lot of Darkened Doors was too rushed. I'm just trying to fit the story together, it's got such a strong atmosphere to it so far I really think it's going to be a record you can sink your teeth into. I've always loved records with stories so I have a high standard for myself. I'm reading a lot of stuff like Willy Vlautin and listening to a fuckload of Meat Loaf. I'll say no more!

Over the last year or so you've played a lot of shows with bands who some people consider to be pretty terrible scene emo/ scremo bands, is this just you wanting to play shows regardless of who its supporting or do u have a secret passion that should be documented?

I just play wherever I can. My views are pretty public, they're usually sweet people who deliberately play terrible music, what can ya do? If there's grass on the field, play ball.

What band or artist would you most like to perform with? would it be Spookey?

Would have to be Art Alexakis of Everclear. I say that because there's no chance of it happening and he's a real hero of mine. But I already played with so many of my heroes it's getting silly. Jeff Rosenstock? I could've died puking in a Brixton backstreet after that show and died happy. And I might be touring with Chuck Ragan later this year. I don't quite know what to say about how awesome that is. It's so surreal, he's actually emailed me. He sat at a computer and wrote me an email. In real life. The guy's just incredible.



Which did u like better, Empire Strikes Back or Return of the Jedi?

I can't remember what I said when I was drunk before but I think it's the other one. The Jedi Strikes Back? At the Empire? I like Star Trek man.

Would you prefer a chicken for a head or chainsaws for legs? Why?

Chainsaws for legs so Dom wouldn't fuck with me in the pit.

Who'd win in a fight, Indiana Jones or Han Solo?

I think Indiana Jones was secretly in with the Nazis so I think he'd have the power of all 3rd Reich's behind that race hate whip. What's Solo got? A fuckin' halfwit Wookiee? I dunno though any man who's been frozen in carbonite by a giant turd is gonna be a pretty unhinged scrapper...it's a tough one. I'll go with a simultaneous fatality. A bloodbath.

If you could be any Marvel super hero, who would u be?

Someone totally fucking shitty and obscure like Strong Guy from X-Force or Hairbag. That dude had poisonous breath. You know what they say about bad breath? Better'n no breath at all.

A lightsabre or wolverines adamantium skeleton? Is there a definitive answer?

Shoot, shag or marry?

Yeah there is. Skeleton. Light sable Shite shmafre. "Give me the adamantium!!!"

1. Laila K – Yes. Please. Is all I'll say.
2. Ed Ache – Marry. If he'd have me.
3. Bill S Preston Esq – I'd rather marry his Mum.
4. C3PO – Shag. All those gizmos.
5. Joe Strummer – Marry. What a guy.
6. Shortround – I still don't know who this cracker is.
7. Sailor Jerry Collins – I'd marry his bones and steal his recipe.
8. Any of Spookey – Oh my god, they're never gonna read this so I'll say a good old fashioned four way. They are ridiculously cute.
9. Ann Widecomb – I actually quite like Ann. But she must die.
10. Helen Mirren – I'm not falling for this again, last time I RAGED at her and then realised I was thinking of Helen Hunt. But now I'm thinking of the Hunt I want to kill everyone.
11. Connie Booth – Ronnie Hoof?
12. The Chick behind the bar – Always Marry. They have the best stories.
13. Maggie Thatcher – What a catch. Filth.

Any last words?

I wanna shout out DS and Georgie, Apologies, the amazing Kym Ford, The mega Games Two, The peterborough boys, Jugs and the Mustard gang, and Baby.

And I just wanna say to anyone who thinks they're rad enough to read Crucial: Eat fuck Thrash heads! I hope your eyes bleed you posers. No one possesses the mondo-tubular gnaritudel to read this besides those who wrote it. Keep it up shredders.

check up on the crucialest man with an acoustic guitar at myspace.com/samrussomusic

full-length reviews

- These records get full-sized reviews because some cool cats gave them to us for free. Send us your shit and we will write something about it. It doesn't have to be music, we like shirts and movies too. Don't be shy or a fucking cheap-skate. reviews by bobatron

Push The Ghost - Listen Up! EP: Coming straight outta Grimsby/UK, this is one band that is doing what New Found Glory like to think they do, but they have no fucking clue how to do it. Yes, they mix up pop-punk with hardcore, almost effortlessly. This is the sort of record you can listen to when are you skating to school when you are 15 and when you crack open a cold one after you get back from work when you're 27. Slick-as-fuck in that H2O kinda way for all the kids who wear faded Blink-182 shirts unironically. myspace.com/pushtheghostuk

The Departed - This Is What We Know CD: Holy Fucking Shit! Grimsby Hardcore knows what the fuck is up. Melodramatic vocals? Check. Crucial breakdowns? Check. Maximum High-Five Potential? Achieved. Ten songs that are probably all about growing up, not being understood, hanging out with friends and standing for what you believe. Somewhere between Bane and Comeback Kid, Grimsby has managed to leave its mark. I've read a few interviews with them in other 'zines and they come off as level-headed dudes too. Totally fucking awesome 'core. myspace.com/thedepartedg_hc

Torn Out - 2-Song EP: They describe themselves as naughty acoustic punk from Essex. I couldn't agree more with that statement. This kind of reminds me of some of Ed Ache's / ICH's acoustic material, the sort that goes from personal observations to sociopolitical criticism. Two funny songs that you would probably wish you could play on the guitar yourself to entertain sweaty drunk kids in the back room of a pub or, on a more epic scale, hot girls around a beach bonfire. Sam Russo must be jealous, haha! High fives all around, hopefully they will be tearing up a house-party near you soon. I wonder what their other songs sound like and whether they ever get a full backing band. myspace.com/tornoutuk

Brux - Suspicious Landing EP: There are very few instrumental guitar bands I can deal with. Most of it tends to be prog-rock wankery with World of Warcraft-type covers that make me want to bludgeon long-haired hippies in the head with heavy objects. Then Brux comes about and blows my mind away. I got a kick out of listening to this when I was drinking a couple beers on my own, thinking about how crap everything seemed to be. Sure, at times I thought it repeated itself, but that just made want to listen to it some more. I can't imagine what their live shows are, but this is one monster of a record that is made for long drives, bike-rides and hours spent gazing outside a window. myspace.com/bruxband

Second Hand Disasters - Demo: The Tagnuts, love 'em or hate 'em, were one of the bands that kept the Cambridge punk scene going for a couple years, when there wasn't much else going on. Sadly they broke up just around the time I was really starting to get into them. Anyway, Ian thankfully is still going, having formed this super-band with Ed from I.C.H., plus Mitch and Simon from the Dead Batteries. Yeah, one ska kid, one hippy and two smelly punks in one band, making noise that sounds like Operation Ivy kicking the shit out of Choking Victim in a back-room somewhere in the FenXedge area. The demo is limited to 25 copies, but you can stream it online. Unfortunately, Ian told me that they have already broken up, so no destroying the Man On The Moon any time soon. That's a real shame. myspace.com/secondhanddisasters

The Rampton Date Release - Relax You're Nearly Dead: Whoa. I wasn't expecting this. I got this just after issue 2 was (first) meant to go to print and didn't review it there. The accompanying picture of the band (all looking like middle-aged science teachers who hang around pubs more than they should) kinda put me off until this one came out. I was expecting dire indie/pop rock. Instead, what we have here is some pretty random punk music that has its spazzy Black Flag bits and its trip-out Doors bits. It's kinda touch and go for me at times, but I can see kids who like bands from college-towns and Florida lapping this right the fuck up. I dig. myspace.com/theramptonreleasedate

Trapdoor Minotaur - DEMO: From all the way up North comes Trapdoor Minotaur, featuring members of The Seven Inches, The Civil Service and the Bonzai Kittens. Those of you around a few years back might remember Sarah as The Beat behind the local moshing machine that was We Fingerprint At Dawn. Crucial times. Trapdoor Minotaur, however, play some damn chilled surf rock flavoured jams that will get you tapping along away from the first listen. They only have three songs here, but they've mixed it up quite a bit, with chilled back ups and the odd rocky spazz-outs. My favourite song is 'Alan's Panic', that kinda has a bit of a soulful flavour and a Bill Bailey-like break in the middle. They are also very much for DIY, which makes them awesome by default. Recommended you listen to this on a lazy Sunday morning cooking up some breakfast or down a park after a game of ultimate frisbee. myspace.com/trapdoorminotaur

VARIOUS - South East Hardcore Volume One: Awesome, this is exactly what we need more of. It seems that a few years ago everybody decided that CDs and compilations were fucking pointless now that mp3s have captivated the masses. Whatever. The problem with punk compilations 5 years ago, is that they featured the same 5-6 bands over and over again, playing the same tired songs. This compilation features 10 bands from the South of England: Santa Karla, Take Courage, Pay No Respect, Living Nightmare, Cheat To Win, Nothing To Show For It, Black And Blue, Atlantic Hearts, The Kick Kick Murder Squad and Run! with two songs each, covering all bases in hardcore, from metalcore and fastcore to straight up youth crew action and everything in between. No point in picking a favourite, since the whole fucking thing rules. Get this TODAY for like only £2 from myspace.com/fistintheairrecords

VARIOUS - Ababoonsass Promotions presents... Independent's All-Dayer 2009 Compilation: This is a sweet compilation put together to promote the upcoming Independent's All-Dayer fest at the Portland Arms in July, right before the epic show Raph's put together. Compilations like these might seem a bit disposable, but I think they are nice little touch for you to remember what happened and what it sounded like. I think I read somewhere that some of these songs are unreleased, so if you're into bands like Above Them, Southport, Peachfuzz, The Magnificent and The Shitty Limits, you will probably lap this right up. I don't know anything about any of these bands, but I sense a Leatherhead/Hot Water Music/No Idea vibe. Hell, if you've been to any Ababoonsass' gigs in the past couple years you will want to pick this up. This plays a lot like a mixtape you'd listen to in your car on 200-mile journey to a show in the sketchy back room of tiny pub in the middle of fucking nowhere. That would be the Portland Arms. Make sure get a free copy by sending DS a nice message at myspace.com/ababoonsass before setting off.

Jesus of Spazzareth - More Sordid Tales of Depression and Hate DEMO: Holy shit! Nottingham has given birth to a load of great 'core bands in the past few years, so no surprise where these guys are from. Jesus of Spazzareth, if the name wasn't indication enough, are a fast-core band in the vein of all the classic crust/thrash/crossover 625/Slap-A-Ham bands from the 1990s. Yeah, you know, shit like Spazz (duh!), What Happens Next? and Plutocracy, the stuff that comes down to SHORT LOUD AND FAST. They have two singers too. I dig this alot. Five lessons in how to write bitching fast angry music. myspace.com/jesusofspazzareth

Dorian Gay - 2-Track DEMO: That doesn't mean there are two songs, but that they recorded this with two channels, so as you would expect, this sounds rough as fuck. As soon as you get your head around that fact though, you can enjoy these songs for what they are. Dorian Gay deal in sloppy 1980s USHC, a bit of Poison Idea, a bit of GG Alin (I think) and a bit of Black Flag make this the ideal band to kick off some drinking at a show and sloppy dancing. A better-sounding demo should be out there some time soon. myspace.com/doriangayhc

Setback - Unfinished Business EP: FUCK YES. Setback are a NYHC from NYC, as opposed to the myriads of 'NYHC' bands from every other fucking armpit town in the world. They were around in the mid and late 1990s and now they are back to show all the Hatebreed and Terror clones out there how it's really done. They deal in angry, pissed off hardcore that will have you grabbing for your Sheer Terror shirt and your tattered camo shorts for some intense exorcising of demons. I kept on loosing track of how many times I went 'aaaaaaaaw shiiiiiiiiit' when a massive breakdown was brewing. Hell, those are the exact same words that precede this EP's highlight 'Talk Shit, Get Hit'. Do I have to say anything more to convince you? myspace.com/setbackdms357

no bullshit and no fucking about

one-sentence reviews

straight to the fucking point!

by bobatron

25 Ta Life - Strength Integrity Brotherhood: You know what, I already have one *25 Ta Life* record and that's more than enough of second-rate metal-tinted NYHC.

Alpha and Omega - Devil's Bed EP: These five lessons will teach you to feel both the glory of the mosh and Satan (in that jokey *Venom* way) in the pit.

Babar Luck - Journeys: Babar Luck > H.R. from the *Bad Brains*

Birds Of A Feather - The Past The Present: Glorious FAST retro-cool youth crew from a load of old-timers still nailed firmly to that big black X after all these years.

Cannabis Corpse - Tube of the Resinated: This is what real whitey 'dub/reggae' sounds like.

Dead Swans - Southern Blue: Why the FUCK does Bridge-9 sign this crap over the fucking *Volunteers*?

Dir Yassin - 2001 Recordings: If you still don't have it, what the fuck is wrong with you?

Disrupt - Disrupt: Oh dear, somebody left some glue to cool on a windowsill and the crusties have gone and scoused it.

Earth Crisis - To The Death: Nobody fucking cares anymore, (please) fuck off.

Easy Star All Stars - Easy Star's Lonely Hearts Dub Band: I like dub, but I still hate the fucking Beatles.

Energy - Invasions of the Mind: A lot like a girlier *Final Fight*, without the charm and all the campness.

Fall of Efrafa - Eli!: Wow, *Nietzsche*, *Wagner* and *Tragedy* should be fucking proud over this.

Final Fight - Half-Head, Full Shred: A lot like a manlier *Energy*, without the campness and all the charm.

Fucked Up - Year of the Rat EP: You either love this shit by now, or you find it to be hyped indie post-punk

Gator Bair - Glory Days: More old-timers nailed to the X busting out posi anthems about being old.

Gold Kids - The Sounds of Breaking Up: Meh-To-The-Maxx Euro-core that kids with *Sworn In* shirts will like.

Hatebreed - For The Lions: Good selection of covers, but too bad they all sound like Hatebreed.

Heresy - The Final Hours EP: Not only does this fucking RULE you will also get maximum crust points if you pick this up from a distro at a squat.

International Superheroes of Hardcore - HPxHC EP: I hate Harry Potter, I dislike *New Found Glory*, but I love the mosh that *ISHC* bring.

The Lancashire Hotpots - Pot Sounds: Probably the finest record to do a shitload of drugs to, since *Minor Threat's* first 7"

Let Down - We're In This Alone: Some solid speedy mosh parts, but I'm not really feeling this.

Lords - Fuck Y'All Motherfuckers: This record is made from whiskey, crystal meth, bar fights and thrash.

Magrudergrind - Magrudergrind: Epic grind/thrash that kids in *Phobia* and *Agathocles* shirts will lap up.

Method Man and Redman - Blackout 2: And it's about time they shot 'How High 2', while they're at it.

Mouthpiece - Can't Kill What's Inside: If you were straight edge back in '95, you know how important this is.

New Found Glory - Not Without A Fight: By the sound of it, the 'fight' in title was a wussy slap-fight between Screech and Urkle.

Napalm Death - Time Waits For No Slave: It doesn't sound like "Scum", so it probably sucks ass.

NOFX - Coaster: Loads better than 'Wolves...', so you should have already picked this one up.

Out For Revenge - Gladiator Academy EP: Arizona has failed again at producing awesome hardcore.

Pitboss 2000 - Retard Pool Party: Exactly what all the stuck-up PC kids think chuggy hardcore is all about.

Propagandhi - Supporting Caste: This is enough to never make any jokes about Canadians ever again.

Psychopathic Rydaz - Duk Da Fuk Down!: Not as funny as ICP, but this still better than anything Eminem's ever fucking done.

Pulley - Time-Insensitive Material EP: This would be better if it sounded more like "60-Cycle Hum".

Pulling Teeth - Paranoid Delusions/Paradise Illusions EP: Total fucking destruction.

Random Hand - Inhale Exhale: This is what Adequate Seven would sound like if they played dub/ska instead of funk.

Rhinoceros / Suicide Pact - split EP: I've enjoyed runny shits more than this tired crap.

Sex Vids - Nests EP: You will have a hard time tracking this down on the Internet.

Special Move - Curse Of The Blackwater: HADOUKEN MOSH, muthafucka!

Sonic Boom Six - City of Thieves: This is exactly how to write an awesome follow-up to an awesome record

Sonic Boom Six - Play On: One CD for the pillhead ravers who show up at Sonic Boom Six shows thinking it's going to be a rave and one CD for the poser punks into owning crappy-sounding demos.

Swamp Thing - The Youth Is Dead: This made me sweat loads and my beard grow.

The Steal - Bright Grey: I'm told this sounds like *Kid Dynamite*, but I think they sound like a way better *Dillinger Four*.

TSOL - Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Free Downloads: Nobody fucking cares anymore, (please) fuck off.

The Vandals - BBC Sessions and Other Polished Turds: Nobody fucking cares anymore, (please) fuck off.

ZINE/BOOK REVIEWS

If it wasn't for 'zines and books like these, you would have to rely on the fucking Internet to find out shit and how fucking lame is that? Show some love and buy these...

Never Grow Up #1 & 2: Wow. This is one amazing 'zine that made me want to cry from the sheer quality that's gone into it. Archie has put together an awesome collection of drawings, interviews, reviews and other stories, that are all beautifully laid out with colour. The focus is on the local bands/scene and personal stuff. A lot of the drawings would look bitching on flyers or t-shirts, in that goofy Lockin' Out kinda way. This is the sort of 'zine that you will pick up every now and again and simply stare at it and marvel. Archie is also putting together a more straightforward hardcore 'zine entitled The Kids. myspace.com/nevergrowupzine

I Drink Milk #3: Actually, I don't and I fucking hate milk. I love cheese and ice-cream, I can deal with chocolate milk, but beyond that, cow-juice makes me want to throw up. Anyway, my lactic dislike aside, this hardcore 'zine comes all the way from Hungary and it's my first real exposure to the scene over there. The 'zine has a slight youth crew / old-time NYHC vibe to it, that I find is dominant in European hardcore (that and crust). This issue has interviews with a shitload of people, from Cynthia Connely and Aram Arslanian to Brian Walsby and Eric Fennell. If you don't recognise those names, you need to check your fucking head. They also interview a load of edge-related bands, like The First Step and Insted. This was definitely a good read. Really in-depth stuff, euro-style. I also got a demo tape from Rearranged (see last issue) that is pretty bitching. myspace.com/Idrinkmilkfanzine

The Wrench #3 & 4: I picked both of these up at a last Gang In Town show at the Man On The Moon. One of them came with a free CD sampler that I have yet to listen to. The 'zine is all about the rockabilly/psychobilly scene, so there are interviews with dudes who have big sideburns and an unhealthy obsession with 1950s Ameriacana, some reviews of records, shows and other events, like car modification (not the Max Power kind) and shit like that. To be honest I can't get excited over a scene that can't possibly escape its own roots, where the style is such a fucking prominent aspect of its identity. Fuck all and every subcultures that require you to wear a fucking costume. Anyway, if you like the idea of smoking filterless Marboro Reds in a car without power-steering, whilst listening to Eddie Cochran bootlegs on AM radio, this is probably for you. thewrenchmag.com

Standing Together #1: This Positive Hardcore 'zine comes from all the way in Malaysia, so you better get used to the entry-level English, that is a lot like the way metalheads in South America used to speak in the 1980s. Anyway, there are some very basic interviews with bands like Overload (from Cleveland, not Cambridge), Something Inside, Mindset and Raincoat. There are also some articles and reviews on being hardcore, keeping it real and stuff, although they are on the skinny size. Ahmad has gone for the youth crew look, so if you've been reading Wake Up And Live, you know what to expect. One thing that stands out are the massive empty spaces in Ahmad's layouts; you get everything on half the paper and it would probably look better. Anyway, if you want to see what Malaysian edge kids read, have a look here. myspace.com/standingtogetherzine

RADIO SILENCE: A Selected Visual History of American Hardcore Music by N. Nedorostek and A. Pappalardo: In the past few years there have been a few good books and documentaries on American hardcore that have appeared. American Hardcore (both film and book) by Blush, John Joseph's autobiography and Haenfler's book on straight edge are both very awesome reads that will shed some light on the stories, sounds and ideas on what gave birth to the greatest intellectual development in human culture since Nietzsche's crazy ramblings. Radio Silence now offers you a sampling of what it looked like up until 15 years ago or so. This is a coffee-table sized photo-book that covers all sorts of eras, reprinting famous and candid shots of all sorts of awesome bands, photo-covers, shows and other 'core-related stuff. There is also some commentary by the photographers and related people. My only issue with this is that it is published by MTV AND FUCKING VIACOM, which could deplete your punk points pool. If you don't care about that (or don't mind shoplifting it), you really need this. radiosilence.com

Why I Hate #1 & 2: This another awesome littel 'zine that is perfect for that 10 minute gap in your day, like taking a shit or not having a wank. The first one is about Paris Hilton and the second one is about Michael Jackson. There are a load of different opinions on why they think these people are scum that you will probably find yourself agreeing with. Total ghetto-style photocopied and folded together as well. I'm really interested to see what other people they will bash. Seek this out at myspace.com/whyihatezine

Turbochainsaw #3: I've only recently started getting into the habit of checking out art-focused 'zines and publications, which probably has something to do with me getting back into comics and appreciating the effort and work that goes into them. This magazine is a collection of drawings, photographs, poems and prose by a load of people, the main theme of which is 'mental'. Yeah, for a second I thought (or rather wished) it might be about the band, but instead it's about the state of mind. Art students will fucking love this. It's superbly put together and also comes with a free CD to act as a soundtrack as you flick through. Every issue has a different theme and the next one (out soon) is going to be greed. myspace.com/turbochainsaw

Most Punks Are Total Arseholes #3: This 'zine proudly proclaims to be a pro-working class anarchist punk 'zine, which might sound horrible to anyone who doesn't really agree with these sort of politics, but then again with a title like this, you'd be an idiot NOT to pick this up at a punk show. The political slant ain't that overbearing, it's mostly a lot of common sense. There are a few interviews, a load of reviews and crucially some pretty funny rants. I almost rolled down a flight a stairs I was chilling at reading the 'How To Be The Exploited' rant. Spot-fucking-on. I get the feeling the guy behind this probably likes the Subhumans more than I ever could. I can see the mohawked brigade getting a bit antsy about this, but fuck them. Most of them ARE total assholes anyway. Get it from corndog.co.uk

Lights Go Out #4: Compared to the last issue I reviewed, this one is a lot shorter and focused. There are still some 'objectionable' music reviewed, a lot like how A Short Fanzine About Rocking covers random chart metal and chart punk. This time around there are interviews with Strike Anywhere, Kid Rocket, Just Panic and a short one with Jet from the Gladiators. YES, the hottest piece of ass on that show that did spin kicks. She probably doesn't look as hot as she did back in the 1990s clad in lycra, but I'd probably still do her. The Strike Anywhere interview is pretty in-depth, a good thing when it comes to a band with a lot of interesting things to say. I enjoyed this more than the last one, so by all means, I will probably like the next more than this. myspace.com/lightsgooutpunkzine

THE PAST THE PRESENT 1982-2007: A history of 25 years of European Straight Edge by M. Hanou and J.P. Frijns: This book isn't really available on its own, as it comes with the LP version of the new Birds of A Feather LP, kind of a like the coolest record insert ever. Now THAT is the way of doing a really cool record insert. Anyway, this is written by two members of the band, which is comprised of straight edge dudes well into their 30s and 40s. As you can imagine, they have been around a lot and seen a lot. They aren't jaded militant edge zealots though. This is their personal account of the earliest straight edge bands and scenes that emerged in Europe in the early and mid-1980s, which by no means (according to them) is a complete historical account, but is nevertheless indicative of what I feel went on pretty much everywhere in Europe. It's nice to read about the importance of political activism and common sense in relation to forming European straight edge identities, particularly at a time when the US scene was so far away. Get the new Birds of A Feather LP (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) with the book from: refuserecords.prv.pl or myspace.com/xbirdsofafeatherx

Mild Peril #13: Well, issue 14 has just come out, but we didn't score a copy before we got this to print. The past few issues of Mild Peril have been awesome reads, with great interviews and some good ranting. This issue has interviews with Duncan Redmonds, The Apers, The Real McKenzies, Classics of Love, I.C.H. and Nervous Breakdown from Indonesia, all of which are excellent reads, going beyond the usual 'how's the tour and new record' bullshit. Some great stories too, like a trip to London for free booze at an FHM-sponsored competition event that ended up fighting the law. One thing that trips me out is how we've been interviewing the same bands lately. Vodka Juniors, Sam Russo, I.C.H. Ha! Great minds think alike. Get your fix at myspace.com/mildperilzine

LOCAL SHIT!!

upcoming cool shit in tha CB ghetto

myspace.com/ababoonsass

(PORTLAND ARMS)

Friday July 3rd: That Fucking Tank/The Tupolev Ghost/Serf Combat. £5.00 8pm - 11pm

Saturday July 4th INDEPENDENT'S ALL DAYER with BBQ and merch stalls. The Shitty Limits, Logic Problem USA, Skimmer, Markers, Southport, Above Them, The Amistad, Serf Combat, The Magnificent, Peachfuzz, Two Peas from the Pod. £10 in advance 2pm - 11pm.

Thursday August 6th. Kevin Seconds (!), Ed Wenn, Anton Barbeau etc. Acoustic punk night. 8pm - 11pm £6.00

Saturday September 5th. Milloy, OK Pilot (tbc), Bangers (tbc) plus 1. 8pm-11pm

Saturday October 3rd. Beverley Kills, We Rock Like Girls Don't Tiny Tigers and Naomi and the Insufferable Fucks.
8pm - 11pm £4.00

Saturday October 24th: The Paperbacks (Canada), Bedford Falls plus 2 TBA. 7pm - 11pm £5.00

Saturday November 7th: TBA

myspace.com/thelastgangintownuk

(MAN ON THE MOON)

Saturday June 27th: ICH + TONY REBELATION TRIO (Laura's Birthday bash)

Last Gang In Town also has gigs every *last Saturday* of the month at the Man On The Moon for the rest of the year (on top of anything else they put on) and regularly have DJ sets down the Zebra.

[subsistence](http://subsistence.com) / thefuckingbear.tumblr.com

(PORTLAND ARMS)

Wednesday June 10th: New Bruises (USA), Above Them & Cyclopsis

Tuesday June 16th: Crazy Arm & Damn This Town

(MORE BANDS TO BE CONFIRMED FOR BOTH SHOWS)

Worse Than Bad Tour Management

(THE ZEBRA)

Sunday July 12th: Ed Ache, Billy Liar and Sam Russo

Ed Ache and Billy Liar are on tour this July, hitting up a shitload of places, so make sure you look out for them in your local living-room, back yard, pub or other improvised rocking out hard place.

VENUE CONTACT DETAILS

MAN ON THE MOON: 2 Norfolk Street, Cambridge CB1 2LF / tel: 01223 474144 / web: myspace.com/manonthemoonuk

PORTLAND ARMS: 129 Chesterton Road, Cambridge CB4 3BA / tel: 01223 357268 / web: theportland.co.uk

THE ZEBRA: 80 Maids Causeway, Cambridge CB1 1UK / tel: 01223 308465 / web: thezebra.cambridge@live.co.uk

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